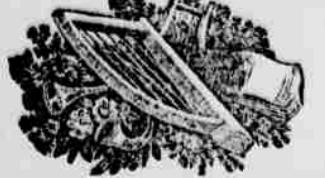


# THE LYRE.



## PERSEVERANCE.

At one of the recent anniversarys in New York, a speaker concluded his extiration to perseverance, by reciting the following verse:

A swallow in the Spring,

Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
Entered to make a nest, and there did bring  
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,  
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned  
Some mishap the fair fabric spurned,  
And dashed it to the ground.

She found it in the wreath,  
But merrily down forth from the pines she flew,  
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses b'rt,  
And built her nest again.

But scarcely had she placed  
The last soft feather in the bower,  
When wicked hand, or chanc'd again-lid waste,  
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,  
And told again—  
and last nights, hearing calls,  
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept  
Within the earth-side walls.

What truth is here, O Man!  
Truth has been smitten in its early dawn?

Have clouds o'er us? my purpose, trust or plan?  
Have Famine, and struggle!

VICTOR.—Guide well thy heart. Shut up every crevice by wholesome thoughts, and the evil atmosphere by which thy art surrounded will never enter. He who would tempt thee for one moment, to turn aside from the path of truth, must receive no favor from thy hands. Slumber be virtuous to be respected; to be respected is to be happy; to be happy is to be well.

In virtue's path who treads  
Treads surely; all we feel and see  
Is known to us; and that leads  
To sorrows sternest discipline.

That makes our mortal mind divine."

Could the young man who breaks away from the golden chain that binds him to virtue, but realize the bitter fruits of his course, not worlds would tempt him to run the fearful risk. From a heaven of love, peace and glory, he sinks to a hell of misery, disgrace and ruin. Be thou careful, O youth, and thou wilt be like a holy angel in the eyes of mankind.

"TOUCH NOT, HANDLE NOT."—One of those meddling gentlemen, who like Thomas of old, are never satisfied until they have put their finger on every thing they see, was not long since observed by a friend with his hand done up, to use an every day phrase, in some half a dozen handkerchiefs. He accosted him with the usual question—

"What ails thy hand?"

"Why," said he, "yester day I went into the mill to see 'em saw clapboards, and I saw a thing whirling round so swift, and it looked so smooth and sleek, and I thought that I'd just touch my finger to it, and see how it felt, and don't you think it took the end of it right off; they hollered out, 'You must not touch that—it's the circular saw that saws all the clapboards!' But they spoke half a second too late—the end of my finger was gone, and I never need it since."

AN OATH REFLECTED UPON.—Mr. ROMAINE hearing a man call upon God to curse him, offered him half a crown if he would repeat the oath. The man started—"What sir, do you think I would curse my soul for half a crown?" Mr. ROMAINE answered, "ay you did just now for nothing, I could but suppose that you would for reward." The poor fellow was struck with the reprobation, and said—"May God bless you, sir, whoever you are. I believe you have saved my soul. I hope I shall never swear again."

THE GRAND DUKE AND THE JEW.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The following singular story, which was current among the English residents in St. Petersburg at the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, has been narrated to us by a person newly arrived from that part of the continent.

In the early part of the year 1825, an English gentleman, from Almack in the Crimes, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw in Poland. About an hour after his arrival in that city, he acquired the ravens in which he had been taking a refreshment, to take a walk through the streets. While sauntering on front of one of the public buildings, he met an elderly gentleman of a grave aspect and courteous demeanour. After mutual exchange of civilities they got into conversation, during which, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whence he was going. The other, the most friendly manner invited him to share the hospitalities of his house till such time as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding, with a smile, that it was not improbable that he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of that year, when perhaps, he might require a similar return; the invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant without and commanding within.

Unbound liberality on the part of the Pole, produced boundless admiration on the part of the Englishman. The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he had carried about his person from the time of his leaving home—finding that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his numerous host to deposit it in a place of security till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days he prepared for his departure, and in asking for his box, how he was amazed when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the utmost surprise replied,

"What box?"

"Why, the small box of jewels which I gave to you to keep for me."

"My dear sir, you must surely be mistaken; I never, really, saw or heard of such a box."

The Englishman was perturbed. After recovering himself a little, he requested his host to call his wife, who having been present when he received it. She came, and on being questioned answered in exact union with her husband—expressed the same surprise and benevolently endeavoured to persuade her distressed guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment and despair, he walked out of the house and went to the tavern at which he had put up on his arrival in Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his iniquitous host was the richest Jew in Poland. He was advised, without delay, to state the case to the grand duke, who fortunately happened at that time to be in Warsaw.

He accordingly waited upon him, and with little ceremony was admitted to an audience—

He briefly laid down his case, and Constantine,

"with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse." Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable, and of an unblemished character. "However," he added, "I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery." So saying, he called on some gentlemen who were to join with him that day, and dispatched a messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence. Aaron obeyed the summons.

"Have you no resolution of having received a box of jewels from the hand of this gentleman?" said the duke.

"Never, my lord," was the reply.

"Strange, indeed. Are you perfectly serious?" turning to the Englishman, "that you give the box as stated?"

"Quite certain, my lord."

Then addressing himself to the Jew—"This is a very singular case, and I feel it my duty to ascertain means to ascertain the truth; is your wife at home?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then," continued Constantine, "there is a sheet of paper and here is a pen I proceed to write a note to your wife, in such terms as I shall dictate."

Aaron lifted the pen.

"Now," said the second Solomon, "commence by writing—'All is discovered! There is no resource left but to deliver up the box. I have owned the fact in the presence of the grand duke!'"

A tremor shook the frame of the Israelites, and the pen dropped from his fingers. But instantly recovering himself, he exclaimed—

"That is impossible, my lord. That would be directly implicating myself!"

"Leave my word and honor," said Constantine,

"the presence of every one in the room, that what you write shall never be read as an instrument against me, farther than the effect it produces on your wife. If you are innocent you have nothing to fear—but if you persist in not writing it, I will hold it as a proof of your guilt."

With a trembling hand the terrified Jew wrote upon the note, folded it up, and as he was desired, sealed it with his own sign. The officers were dispatched with it to his house, and when Sarah glanced over its contents, she swooned and sank to the ground. The box was delivered up and restored to its owner—and the Jew suffered the punishment his vanity deserved. He was sent to Siberia.

In addition to the legal consequences of his conduct, he was compelled to pay a fine of £1000.

He was condemned to hard labor for life.

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And wrought the ruin o'er.

But scarcely had she placed

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